THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXVIII.

Peu de gens savent d'etre vieux. ROCH.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

PERHAPS there is nothing so difficult, as growing old with propriety; we feel not the silent approaches of age, and act, as though we were always to be young. May I hope for the indulgence of my fair readers, if I say that this is peculiarly the case with the females? When a lady has once past her twentieth year, she grows shy of telling her age; but if she should, unhusbanded, approach that bourne, where resides the phantom of antiquated virginity, she will affect to despise such girlish dispositions, and will yet sink you ten or a dozen years in calculating the era of her birth. Whence this ridiculous aversion to be thought in years can proceed, it is not easy to say, except we place it to the account of a desire to please, that amiable propensity, which pervades the whole sex, and which teaches them to hide, as much as possible, the encroachments of Time, since man, slight, superficial man, generally prefers the showy attractions of youth and beauty, to the solid virtues of more advanced life. But how greatly is it to be regretted that from motives so praiseworthy, should have proceeded such disagreeable effects. It may be difficult to resign that homage which we have long been accustomed to consider as our own; it may be difficult to see younger rivals preferred before us—yet we meet with some, who have borne this with a good grace, and, in consequence, have retained that respect, which those, who act differently, are almost sure of losing. Nay, it is certain that when once this important point is gained, an elderly lady will find herself much more comfortable than the revival of all her former youthful conquests could make her. Instead of the contempt and derision of the younger part of both sexes, she will be looked up to with veneration and respect by the gentlemen, and also by the ladies, with the addition, on their part, of deference for her opinion, and a wish to avail themselves of her superior knowledge, on any trying occasion. This is the crown of distinction which her situation will allow her to wear with propriety. And to see her, instead of aspiring to this crown, aping the very follies of the young, must infallibly render her ridiculous.

I have been led into this train of thinking, by a perusal of Horace's ode to Lycé. Some of the commentators on that author have said, that the lady did not deserve his reproaches; that she was unsullied in reputation, and by no means such as he has ungenerously, according to them, represented her. I am rather inclined to think that Lyce is a creature of the poet's invention; and it is a sorrowful truth that the character, under this idea, will but too generally apply. I have endeavoured to make my author speak our own language, and may here declare, that, whatever might be *his* intentions, I have no personal view in thus introducing him to the English reader. If any should find that it fits them, may their brows, uninterruptedly, wear the galling wreath.

Permit me further to add, that, whatever motives we attribute to the author, the composition is, without dispute, eminently beautiful.

HORACE, Book 4. Ode 13. Imitated.

Lyce, the Gods have heard my prayers,
Have granted all my vow;
I see, I see those hoary hairs,
Thin waving o'er thy wrinkled brow.

I see thee, now in life's decline,
Tippling thy cares away;
Aping each grace no longer thine,
Still impudently wild and gay.

But know'st thou not the winged boy
Deserts the withered tree?
And can'st thou think his fleeting joy,
Will linger, through old age, with thee?

Not all thy costly robes, not all
Thy glittering gems have pow'r
Youth's long lost season to recall,
Or stop the never wearied hour.

Ah! whither flies that air, those charms,
That beauty, bright as day,
Which breathes in every breast alarms,
Which stole me from myself away.

Erewhile I own the second place
To Cinara was thine,
For every soul-seducing grace,
For every charm divine.

But she, by partial Fate's decree,
In youth's bewitching bloom,
Was snatch'd away; while ah! for thee
Remains a lingering doom.

Our youths behold, with fond delight,
The torch, that set on fire
Unnumber'd hearts, no longer bright,
In dust and sordid smoke expire.

HARLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words."

Of that hoodwinked and illiberal criticism, which discerns nothing but error on an author's page, the Lay Preacher is not a disciple. He may object to the spots on the sun, but is an admiring spectator of the light and glories of that luminary. In the works of Mrs. Radcliffe there are some defects of style; in the plot and scenery of her novels much of the reprehensible has been found. Her ghosts and gloom we may be permitted to deride, and shun; of her 'rocking of the battlements,' we may be taught to beware. To her genuine beauties we must willingly 'swell the note of praise.'

We need not search long for the graces of this lady's style. The first sentence of the Mysteries of Udolpho, is one of the happiest of the kind I ever met with, in the course of much belles lettres reading. Nothing has puzzled authors of the first reputation more, than the colouring and arrangement of those sentences, which contain a multitude of petty facts and dates, necessary to the integrity of every work, but destitute of the picturesque and interesting. But 'mark how a plain tale' is told by this lady. 'On the pleasant banks of the Garonne, in the province of Gascony, stood, in the year 1584, the chateau of Monsieur St. Aubert.' I defy a club of the soundest critics to arrange this little narrative of ordinary particulars, in a more accurate, elegant, and harmonious manner. This lucid order is highly meritorious in any author, and is often neglected, when it is most necessary, which is ever the case in dry detail, and the involution of circumstances, trivial and trite. Mrs. Radcliffe probably acquired this happy mode of arrangement, from the perusal of David Hume, who, in a wonderful manner, combines clearness, simplicity, and melody, in all the narrative department of his historical labours. One may, without violence, suppose that, in composing the above sentence, and many more periods of equal beauty, that the remembrance, quickened by the just taste of Mrs. Radcliffe, led her to the following passages from the Scottish Historian.

'In the end of the ninth, and beginning of the tenth century, when the north, not yet exhausted by that multitude of people, or rather nations, which she had successively emitted, sent forth a new race, not of conquerors, as before, but of pirates and ravagers, infesting the countries possessed by her once warlike sons, lived Rollo, a petty prince or chieftain of Denmark.'

The following, introductory to the story of the Maid of Orleans, is exactly in the same tone, with the initial sentence in the Mysteries of Udolpho. 'In the village of Domremi, near Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine, there lived a country girl, of twenty-seven years of age, called Joan d'Arc.' Our elegant authoress uniformly adopts this mode of construction. Open her Romance of the Forest, and look at the history of the Swiss Clergyman and his family, you will find that she begins thus—'In the village of Leloncourt, celebrated for its picturesque situation, at the foot of the Savoy Alps, lived Arnaud St. Luc, a clergyman, descended from an ancient family of France, whose decayed fortunes occasioned them to seek a retreat in Switzerland, in an age, when the violence of civil commotion seldom spared the conquered.'

What the ladies commonly call the *sentimental* part of a novel, she generally conceives more strongly, and expresses with a vigour more masculine, than the herd of writers in the same walk. Of the seclusion of the gentle St. Aubert we read that 'amid the changing visions of life, his principles remained unshaken, and his benevolence unchilled; and he retired from the multitude, more in sorrow than in anger, to scenes of simple nature, to the pure delights of literature, and to the exercise of domestic virtues,

It is very clear that this sentence was not written by one of your *mere* ladies for the benefit of the rising generation, and for the emolument of the proprietor of a circulating library.

'From the cabin of the shepherd, they wandered away among the most romantic and magnificent scenes, nor suffered the charms of Nature's lowly children to abstract them from the observance of her stupendous works.' Few periods of our greatest masters of style are turned more gracefully than this, so sweet and mellow, descriptive of the morning excursions of the parents of Emily.

The skill of our authoress, in selecting apt mottos for her chapters, is praiseworthy.—Humble as the task of quotation may seem, yet, if it be introduced judiciously, as an allusion, or serves not merely as the title of a section, but as a sort of synopsis of our ideas, quotation assumes a high and interesting character, and combines beauty with use. Montoni's soldiers, keeping watch and ward at the gates of a castle, are appalled, beholding a lambent fire quivering on the summit of their pikes, at the approach of a thunder storm. This ordinary phenomenon of an electrical atmosphere is magnified into a horrid portent by the superstitious fancy of a centinel. The chapter, that records the terror of these simple souls, is thus prefixed, from the Julius Cæsar of Shakspeare.

> There's one within,
> Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
> Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

To select with such aptitude, is nearly as glorious as to invent.

The lonely walk, gloomy silence, and restlessness of the remorseful La Motte, are all clearly discerned in the following motto, and almost render the beautiful amplification of Mrs. Radcliffe useless.

> Full oft, unknowing and unknown
> He wore the endless noons alone,
> Amid the autumnal wood;
> Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
> Abrupt the social board to quit.

Delineating the nocturnal adventures of the family of the Count de Villefort exposed, amid the recesses of the Pyrenees, to assassination by ruffian smugglers, she paints the whole scene with a pencil dipt in the rainbow of Shakspeare.

> Light thickens, and the crow
> Makes wing to the rooky wood:
> Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
> While night's black agents to their prey do rouze.

For the final chapter of one of her romances, she finds, in the Comus of Milton, half a dozen lines, which most pertinently inform the reader that his amusement is closing, and strikingly depict the alacrity and cheerfulness, experienced by an author, at the the end of a long performance.

> Now my task is smoothly done,
> I can fly, or I can run,
> Quickly to the green earth's end,
> Where the bow'd welkin low doth bend,
> And, from thence, can soar as soon
> To the corners of the moon.

POLITE LITERATURE.

[The lover of music will find his attention to a liberal art confirmed by the ensuing essay, which treats a pleasing topic in a very popular and elegant style.]

ON MUSIC.

> What passion cannot Music raise and quell.
>
> DRYDEN.

Eubulus said, that he was enabled, with pleasure, to animate this evening's conversation, by reading a letter from Hortensius, on an interesting and pleasing subject.

The character of the truly amiable Fenelon, and his system of education for the young Duke of Burgundy, make a very agreeable and interesting part of your pleasing and useful conversations; and I flatter myself that fathers and mothers who have the welfare of their children at heart, by superintending, at least in some degree, their improvement, will be induced to treasure up in their mind the recollection of Fenelon's virtues, and hold up to themselves, as a model, his method of instruction, which is so well calculated to form the youthful mind. But as our 'Female Mentor,' who drew up the maxims, was, to my great regret, silent on the subject of those external accomplishments, which constitute a considerable part of modern female education, I have thought it incumbent on me to add my mite to the labours of the society, by endeavouring to discuss the utility of the most important of them.

Music is, without doubt, enchantingly fascinating, but as its utility, as a female ornament, has been called in question by some, it shall be my object to state its benefits, as well as its disadvantages in the strongest point of view, without deciding on the preponderance of either, and shall enforce my own observations and reflections by the assistance of such selections and remarks, as the course of my reading on this topic enables me to bring forward; observing, however, that I have confined my selections to such authors only as are worthy of being followed or quoted.

The antients were of opinion, that nothing could be more pernicious to a well ordered republic than the introduction of an effeminate music; as it tended to enervate the mind, and render it too susceptible of voluptuous softness. On this account the Spartans broke those musical instruments whose tones were too melodious and seductive; and at Athens, where education was less severe, the lyre, with an additional number of strings, then a recent invention, was interdicted. But such music as was grave, decent, and majestic, or if soft and gentle, not enervating, was highly encouraged; as the one inspired fortitude and heroism, and the other moderated violence and rage. Milton, whose learning was as extensive as his invention was grand, thus alludes to the Grecian music of this kind, in his Paradise Lost:

> Anon they move
> In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders, such as rais'd
> To height of noblest temper heroes old
> Arming to battle; and instead of rage,
> Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd,
> With dread of death to flight or foul retreat:
> Not wanting pow'r to mitigate and 'swage,
> With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
> Anguish and doubt, and fear and sorrow, and pain,
> From mortal or immortal minds.

Music, when aided by poetry, if divested of every improper ornament, is capable of raising in the soul the most lively and sublime emotions of virtue. Many poetical parts of the sacred writings were probably sung by the Jews. Many of the Psalms were certainly set to music; and, when sung, were accompanied by the harp or the psalter, an instrument frequently mentioned in Holy Writ; which also expressly describes the song of Midiam, and the lyre of Jubal. And, as a still stronger proof, that vocal music was considered by the Hebrew nation as a material part of holy worship ordained by God; the children of Israel, during their captivity, are, in the 137th Psalm, represented as sitting down and weeping by the waters of Babylon, when they remembered thee, oh Sion! hanging up their harps, as useless, on the trees that are therein; and crying with anguish, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Fenelon, from whose system of female education I have taken a few of the preceding observations, adds, that as music, therefore, had the most striking influence on the Pagan nations, as it often elevated their minds, and inspired them with the most noble and majestic sentiments; and as the Christian church could not hold out to her children a more animating consolation, than that which is excited by singing the praises of our God; we are not, under those considerations, justified in deserting or condemning an art, which the spirit of God has sanctified. If, therefore, a young female possesses a fine voice, and shews a genius for music, as it cannot be expected that she will long remain ignorant of her natural talent, and as a prohibition would only irritate, and not deter her, it would be more prudent to let her cultivate this art, by giving it a well regulated course.

Fenelon, however, in the strongest manner, recommends that the youthful mind, feelingly alive to the influence and powers of music, may be made fully sensible of the many and striking beauties it possesses, when confined merely to sacred and devotional subjects. Had I never read nor consulted Fenelon, I should not have hesitated, from my own feelings, and conviction of what is right, to recommend, in preference to almost every other composer, the works of HANDEL; as his sacred music, and particularly his oratorios, furnish such a rich variety of exquiste melody and harmony, which, when sung with sensibility and feeling, must gratify the most fastidious ear. Who that ever heard the late Mrs. Sheridan sing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' or when, in the character of Jeptha's daughter, she warbled forth,

> Brighter scenes I seek above,
> In the realms of peace and love.

did not feel a rapture, blended with devotion, which was more than mortal?

When the lady in Comus has finished her captivating song,

> Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen.

the enchanter thus bursts forth in rapture and astonishment:

> Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
> Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
> Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
> And with these raptures moves the vocal air
> To testify his hidden residence.
> How sweetly did they float upon the wings
> Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
> At every fall smoothing the raven-down
> Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
> My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
> Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
> Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
> Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
> And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
> And chid her barking waves into attention.
> And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
> Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
> And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
> But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
> Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
> I never heard till now.

By these praises, not less moral than poetical, has Milton most happily described the forcible impression made even on a dissolute and corrupt mind by a melodious voice, when tuned by modesty and innocence.

I remember a very curious anecdote, descriptive of the wonderful powers of music, in one of Madame de Maintenon's letters, where she mentions a young female Huguenot, of the highest rank and condition, who it is certain, however, was but very superficially instructed in the tenets of her faith, as being so affected with high mass, performed at Louis the fourteenth's chapel, that she adds, 'we shall only have occasion to bring this young creature another time to mass, to make her a complete catholic.'

To return to Handel—though this great composer is supported by Royal partiality, and the

sublime performances in Westminster Abbey, he is in general neglected for the modern, and, according to the opinion of too many young women, the more bewitching style of the Italian school; greatly, perhaps, in some cases, to the prejudice of the morals of its votaries; for if we are to believe Fenelon, music which is made the vehicle of passion and love, is very dangerous. Now no one will deny, that most of the Italian airs breathe nothing but love; and, therefore, cannot but make too strong an impression on the minds of those young women, who are mistresses of the language and the art; for the words are often as seductive as the music.

Farinelli's exquisite tones are said, indeed, to have so captivated a female of maturer age, that, after that celebrated singer had finished his first song, she cried out with profane enthusiasm, 'One God, one Farinelli!'

Many, indeed, are the instances which I could relate of the danger attending an immoderate fondness for this style of music in particular; as the masters teach their scholars not only the manner of singing, but even of *acting*, used by the most celebrated Italian theatrical performers. The head and body must be thrown into various indescribable attitudes, affectations, and distortions, when the scholar is screaming out the *bravura*; and, in the pathetic part of the song, her countenance must assume the dying look of anguishment or despair.

A celebrated Italian master once told a young lady, whom he was teaching, that the singing *con amore* could never be *completely* acquired by her, unless she was in love, or at least fancied that she was in love.

I am, however, far from wishing to discountenance all the modern Italian masters; as there are undoubtedly several of their compositions which shew great taste and genius, and which may be executed with no less propriety than delight; but well regulated by modesty and virtue, must be the minds of those young women whose parents encourage their fondness for this art, an art whose seductive blandishments THOMSON has most admirably and justly described in his Castle of Indolence:

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom and induced ease:
Aerial music to the warbling wind
At distance rising oft, by small degrees
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The list'ning heart forgot all duties, and all cares.

To make a great proficiency in instrumental music, the scholar ought to commence the study at the early age of six or seven years; not less than two or three hours every day must be allotted to it—a waste of time that might, that ought to be employed better; and is all thrown away, unless natural genius and voluntary application aid the master's instructions: I think, therefore, I should never wish my daughter to be a capital performer; as other attainments, more weighty and more useful, must probably be neglected for it; and this ought to be a serious consideration with every parent.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

[At this season, when the sun and air are sometimes too hot for our safety, it is incumbent on all, who are solicitous for Health, to employ every expedient to guard the weakened body. Count Rumford has experimentally proved the utility of tepid bathing. The following extract will convince the most incredulous that the application of warm water is not more conducive to Health and Purity, than to Pleasure. The Editor very strongly recommends the perusal of the whole Essay, See VOL. III. of Rumford's Works.]

"Had I any hopes of being able, by any thing I could say, to prevail on the inhabitants of this island [England] to adopt more general a practice which so many nations have considered as a most rational luxury, and which no doubt is as conducive to health as it is essential to personal cleanliness, I should think my time well employed were I to write a volume in recommendation of warm bathing.

"If a perfectly free circulation of the blood, brought on and kept up for a certain time, without any violent muscular exertion and consequently without any expence of strength, be conducive to health, in that case warm bathing must be wholesome; and so far from weakening the constitution, must tend very powerful to strengthen it.

"Among those nations where warm bathing has been most generally practised, and where the effects of it have of course been best known, no doubts have ever been entertained of its being very beneficial to health; and nobody can doubt of its being pleasant and agreeable in a high degree.

"It was by accident I was led, about two years ago, to consider this subject with that attention which it appears to me to deserve; and I then made an experiment on myself, the result of which I really think very interesting, and of sufficient importance to deserve being made known to the public.

"The waters of Harrowgate, in Yorkshire having been recommended to me by my physician I went there in the month of July 1800, and remained there two months, I began with drinking the waters at the well every morning, and with bathing in them, warmed to about 96 Fahrenheit's Thermometer, every third day at my lodgings.

"At first, I went into the bath at about ten o'clock in the evening, and remained in it from 10 to 15 minutes; and immediately on coming out of it, went to bed, my bed having been well warmed, with a view to prevent my *taking cold.*

"Having pursued this method some time, and finding myself frequently feverish and restless after bathing, I accidentally, in conversation, mentioned the circumstances to an intelligent gentleman who happened to lodge in the house, and who had long been in the habit of visiting Harrowgate every year.—He advised me to change my hour of bathing; and to stay longer in the bath; and, above all, to avoid going into a warmed bed on coming out of it. I followed his advice and shall have reason, all my life, to thank him for it.

"I now went into the bath regularly every third day, about two hours before dinner, and staid in it half an hour, and on coming out of it, instead of going into a warmed bed, I merely had myself wiped perfectly dry, and dressing myself in a bed gown, I retired in my room, where I remained till dinner time.

"The good effects produced by this change of method were too striking not to be remarked, and remembered. I was no longer troubled with any of those feverish heats after bathing, which I experienced before! and so far from feeling *chilly*, or being particularly sensible to cold on coming out of the bath I always found myself less sensible to cold after bathing than before. I even observed repeatedly and invariably, that the glow of health, and pleasing flow of spirits, which resulted from the full and free circulation of the blood, which bathing had brought on, continued for many hours; and never was followed by any thing like that distressing languor which always succeeds to an artificial increase of circulation, and momentary flow of spirits, which are produced by stimulating medicines.

"I regularly found that I had a better appetite for my dinner on those days when I bathed, than on those when I did not bathe,—and also that I had a better digestion, and better spirits; and was stronger to endure fatigue; and less sensible to cold in the afternoon and evening.

As these favourable results appeared to be quite regular and constant, I was induced to proceed to a more decisive experiment. I now began to bathe every second day, and finding that all the advantageous effects which I had before experienced from warm bathing still continued, I was encouraged to go one step further; and I now began to bathe every day.

"This experiment was thought to be very hazardous, by many persons at Harrowgate, and even by the physician, who did not much approve of my proceedings; but as no inconvenience of any kind appeared to result from it, and as I found myself growing stronger every day and gaining flesh, health, activity and spirits, I continued the practice and actually bathed *every day*, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for half an hour, in a bath at the temperature of 96 and 97 of Fahrenheit's scale, during *thirty-five days*.

"The salutary effects of this experiment were perfectly evident to all those who were present and saw the progress of it, and the advantages I have received from it have been permanent. The good state of health which I have since enjoyed, I ascribe to it entirely.—But it is not merely on account of the advantages which I happened to derive from warm bathing, which render me so warm an advocate for the practice.—Exclusive of the wholesomeness of the warm bath the luxury of bathing is so great, and the tranquil state of mind and body which follows it, is so exquisitely delightful, that I think it quite impossible to recommend it too strongly, if we consider it merely as a rational and elegant refinement."

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[Amid the malignancy, madness, and folly of the time, it affords us a very sensible pleasure to bestow emphatic praise upon individuals or societies, who, careless of narrow, partial, or vulgar views, survey, with excursive eyes, the whole horizon of Charity. An institution so benevolent, so salutary, so laudable, as a liberal seminary for teaching the elements of useful literature to the children of the poor, will always suggest to the congratulating conscience of those, who projected and supported a Charity School,

"What nothing earthly——can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy."]

FREE SCHOOL.

To the inhabitants of Philadelphia, the district of Southwark, and the Northern Liberties,

The address of the Philadelphia Society, for the establishment and support of Charity Schools.

In the year 1796 a number of young ladies, of this city, met and formed a society for teaching the female children of poor people, reading, writing, and plain sewing. The benevolence and success of this institution, induced a number of young men, in the year 1799, to form a society, of a similar nature, for the instruction of boys in the elements of English learning. The sudden increase of scholars soon obliged these young men to desist from the task of teaching, and to employ a suitable person for that purpose, the expense of which was supported by subscription of the members. In the year 1801, the society was incorporated, under the sanction of which they expect to receive the legacy of the late Christopher Ludwig, for establishing a free school. Since that time four thousand dollars have been bequeathed by Chamless Wharton, and a lot of ground in Kensington has been given to them by John Dickinson, Esq. of Wilmington, Delaware; they have likewise received, from several other persons, a number of smaller donations.

The present state of the institution rendering it desirable to have a permanent situation for the school, and, as the time when they will probably receive the above legacies will be distant, and when received, the interest of them only can be employed in the maintenance of the

school, it has been determined to apply to the citizens of Philadelphia for contributions to erect a suitable building to accommodate their scholars. Should they be successful in their applications, it will enable them not only to render their present establishment, more secure and comfortable, but also to increase the means of diffusing knowledge, among the children of that class of people, who are unable to pay for it.

Upon a subject so deeply affecting to humanity, and so interesting to the welfare and honour of our city, much might be said; but to the citizens of Philadelphia it will be sufficient to suggest, the necessary and immutable connexion between a knowledge of Reading, Writing, and the first principles of Arithmetic, and the means of subsistence and happiness—between that knowledge, and the qualifications to become peaceable, submissive, and useful members of society, and above all, of the connexion of that knowledge, with the means of becoming acquainted with the character and laws of the Supreme Being, as revealed in the Scriptures, and thereby being prepared for a future and happier state of existence. To the motives which have been mentioned, it may be added, that by educating the children of the poor, we prevent, in them, idleness, and its offspring, Vice; and, by that means, lessen the mass of folly and evil in our city. Our doors will be less assailed at night, and our ears will cease to be offended with profane or indecent language, which now meet them daily in our walks, and at our windows. Latent genius and virtue may, perhaps, be awakened in some of the objects of this Institution, and should our country, at a future day, owe its safety and honour to the virtues of one of them, nothing new will occur in the history of free schools. A blue-coat boy, or, in other words, a boy educated in a free school, in London, occupied, for many years, a high seat in the councils of his country, amid the praises of a grateful nation.

It is intended that the children of all denominations and countries, and of the district of Southwark, and the Northern Liberties, as well as of the city of Philadelphia, shall be the objects of the care and benevolence of this Institution.

JOSEPH BENNETT EVES, *President.*

Philadelphia, July 5, 1803.

☞ Gentlemen, residing at a distance from the city, who are disposed to patronize the intentions of the society, are requested to forward their donations, per post, to Joseph B. Eves, No. 103 High st. Benj. Williams, Treasurer, No. 35 south Second st. or the publisher of the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF HORACE.

[Nothing can be more meagre, than the biography of this poet, which, in Latin, is commonly prefixed to the various editions of his works. It is short, unsatisfactory, dull, and dry The English editors, have never thought of expanding the materials, collected by Suetonius: nor, till the following attempt, by Mr. Boscawen, the last translator of the poet of Venusium, has it been imagined, that Horace might, in some degree, be made to appear his own biographer. If the readers of the Port Folio, derive the same pleasure, from the perusal of this article, as the editor has done, he will not regret the time, which he employed, in transcribing these pages. Mr. Boscawen, has evinced his industry, sagacity, and taste. His research is wide, and his style is pure.]

Quintus Horatius Flaccus, was born on the eighth day of December, in the year of Rome 688 (*a*) or, according to the chronology of Varro, 689, at Venusium, a town on the confines of Apulia, and Lucania. His family, as he tells(*b*) us himself, with the just pride of a man, self-ennobled, was of the lowest rank: the father of our poet, being the son of a freedman, and, consequently, the grandfather, having been a slave. Yet, to the liberal sentiments, the penetrating judgment, the tender affection of this father, may, in a great measure, be ascribed, those talents of the son, which so long have delighted mankind. Though his income, arising from a very small farm, and the employment of tax-gatherer, might have justified the confined education of an inferior school; yet, perhaps, observing in the youth, a capacity for the highest attainments, he carried him early to Rome,(*c*) where he could best imbibe the rudiments of liberal and extensive knowledge. He himself, diligently implanted the principles of morality, not by dry precepts, or refined speculations, but by the more familiar and striking illustration of living examples.(*d*) The tendency of every immoral action, was manifested, by the consequences it had produced. Such was the effect of this mode of instruction, that, in a luxurious capital, amidst companions, whose rank and fortune, far exceeded his own, our poet records, with gratitude, his preservation, not only from actual vice, but from the habits and dispositions, that precede, and produce it. At the age of twenty, or twenty one, the young Horace was removed from Rome,(*e*) to the schools of philosophy, at Athens; the great university for the Roman youth, which was the usual, and almost necessary step, in completing a liberal education. Here, it is probable, he formed intimacies with many of the young nobility, his fellow students, who were afterwards his associates, in the republican army, or his friends and protectors in the emperor's court. The example of these spirited youths, who, on the arrival of Brutus, at Athens, eagerly joined his standard,(*f*) united him to the cause of that mild and amiable patriot, with whom he had so strong an interest, either by the influence of powerful connections, or the charm of engaging manners, as to obtain a command, far above the pretensions, which his rank or experience could give. He was, in quality of military tribune,(*g*) the commander, or rather, one of the commanders, of a legion, consisting of between five and six thousand men. If the republican army, had many such officers, the cause of their defeat at Philippi, is sufficiently explained.

On that disastrous day, fatal to the interests of freedom, of humanity, and, at least, to the *immediate* welfare of the Roman world, our poet has made no secret of his own panic, and flight.(*h*) To fly, when all were flying, to abandon a resistance, that was become hopeless, could scarcely be considered as a proof of cowardice, or deserve the ridicule he seems to apprehend, and anticipate. We may presume, therefore, that he fled early in the action, and with singular marks of terror and dismay. What route he took to escape pursuit, is uncertain. Probably he remained in some place of concealment, till the intervention of friends, had enabled him to return in safety to his country. Safety, however, was all he could at first procure(*i*). His former means of subsistence, the confiscations attendant on civil war, had wholly swept away.

Thus, necessity, as he himself tells us, produced, or rather, brought into action, his talents for poetry; for though one or two of his satires, may be of an earlier date, they seem to have been only the amusements of his leisure, not of his serious thoughts. Whichever of his pieces was written at this early period, the reputation gained by them, and still more, the friendship of Virgil and Varius,(*j*) introduced him to that accomplished minister, who was to be the patron of his fortunes, and the friend of his future life. The first interview with Mæcenas, was short, and seems to have produced no immediate effect. Nine months(*k*) elapsed before he was summoned to a second; but, on that occasion, was established, an intercourse of mutual kindness, that proved the source of comfort and happiness, to both.

The generosity of Mæcenas, did not long suffer the man, whom he had honoured with his friendship, to remain under the pressure of poverty, or the anxiety of suspence. If he did not procure the restoration of his forfeited estate, he conferred more than an equivalent; and, as early as the Actian war, as it is usually called, Horace, (*e*) confesses that he had been enriched, far beyond his wants, or expectations.

From this period, his life seems to have proceeded, in a regular, and tranquil course: and is known chiefly, by the private anecdotes his writings have recorded, and the public events they celebrate. During that dispute, between Anthony and Octavius, which ended in a peace, negociated by Mæcenas, the poet attended his patron to Brundusium, where that negociation was carried on, and has left us an(*m*) agreeable picture of the characters, and incidents, that amused him on the way. During the war, that afterwards arose between those ambitious rivals, he(*n*) would, had he been permitted, have accompanied Macænas to the expected naval action; the happy event of which was not merely propitious to his fortunes, but gratifying, to the warmest feelings of his heart.

The final triumph of Octavius, was not, indeed, more fortunate, to any set of men, than to the poets, whom that prince, through his favourite minister, had already begun to patronize. But, even the amusements of Mæcenas, were subservient to a deep and refined policy. The talents of his literary friends, were employed to soothe the Roman pride, under the loss of freedom; to direct their spirit to external wars, rather than internal commotions, and, by setting in the fairest light, the security and quiet, they were beginning to enjoy, gradually to reconcile them, to the dominion of their new master. Nor, should such a project, however it may at first revolt us, be two hastily condemned. The increased extent of the Roman empire, the profligate state of morals, the decay of all public virtue, and more especially, the corruption of the soldiery, who, in their attachment to particular chiefs, had wholly lost sight of their country, had long convinced all reflecting minds, that Rome, had no other alternative, than to submit to a mild, or endure an oppressive usurpation; and, as the character of Augustus appeared to soften, in proportion as his power became more secure, as he respected, at least in appearance, the laws and institutions of his country, which his profligate rival, despised and insulted, he was deemed, even by the remnant of the republican party, far the most deserving of support. Their own illustrious chiefs, had perished by the swords of enemies, or the daggers of assassins; and no successors arose, whose courage, and whose genius, could rekindle the dying flame of patriotism.

But, whether, all circumstances considered, it might be pardonable, in men of genius, to palliate, when they could no longer prevent, the establishment of absolute power, it was, at all events, a laudable attempt, to humanize and improve the possessor of that power, on whom the happiness of millions must depend. This,

(*a*) Dacier follows the chronology of Verrius Flaccus; Sanadon, and others that of Varro. The only difference between them is, that the latter makes the building of Rome to have been one year earlier than the former, and consequently adds one year to the date of each event.

(*b*) Sat. vi. lib. i.

(*c*) Sat. vi. lib. i. line 76. (*d*) Sat. iv. lib. i. (*e*) Epist. ii. lib. ii. (*f*) ibid. (*g*) Sat. vi. lib. i. (*h*) Ode vii. lib. ii. (*i*) Epist. ii. lib. ii.

(*j*) Sat. vi. lib. i. (*k*) ibid. (*l*) Epode i. (*m*) Sat. v. lib. i. (*n*) Epode i.

learned writer(*o*) has observed, was the benevolent policy of Mæcenas, and of the writers, who promoted his views. By them, was the young Cæsar instructed, to reign by love, rather than by fear; to consider the happiness of the people as his own, and to deserve the character, they could so nobly describe. By them, every spark of humanity that appeared, was cherished, till it displayed a benignant light. Praise, skilfully conducted, produced the effects of admonition; and even flattery, was pressed into the service of virtue.

Our poet, and his illustrious Mantuan friend, were the principal instruments, in this seheme of their patron; and had the satisfaction to witness its happy consequences. The praises, which their pens had perhaps, too freely lavished, they lived to see truly deserved. The prophecies they had, in some degree, hazarded, were fully justified by the event.

Thus esteemed, and thus employed, by the favourite minister, it may be supposed, our poet did not long remain unnoticed, by the prince. We accordingly find, in the accounts(*p*) of his life, and indeed in his own works,(*q*) several proofs, that Augustus regarded him with kindness and esteem. It is said, that he (*r*)offered him the place of his private secretary; which Horace declined, probably, because it would have interfered with his retirement; but declined it in a manner, that gave no offence to the emperor.

The opinion Augustus entertained of our poet, was also strongly evinced, by the desire he expressed, of being mentioned familiarly in his works. Though celebrated, for the splendour of his conquests, the wisdom of his laws, and the beneficence of his government; though compared to the immortal gods, he wished rather to be transmitted to posterity, as the intimate friend of Horace. The very flattering remonstrance he sent to the poet, on this occasion, produced that excellent *Epistle to Augustus*, which would alone have been sufficient to immortalize both.

Horace, we are told, lived chiefly at the little estate near Tibur, which Mæcenas had bestowed on him; but his complaints, of the variety of business that detained, and sometimes fatigued him, at Rome, make it probable, that much of his time was passed in the metropolis; and, though he might on those occasions, feel some longing for retirement, yet, as he was not insensible to the voice of fame, and still less to the charms of society, these, we may believe, made no contemptible amends.

In a situation, so congenial to his turn of mind; protected by the greatest, admired by the most ingenious, and beloved by the best men in Rome; the chief alloy to his happiness, seems to have arisen from the ill health of his patron and friend. It is recorded of Mæcenas, that he was constantly, and, if one may use the expression, *constitutionally*(*s*) afflicted by a slow fever. This disorder, which seems often to have affected his spirits, at length put a period to his life, towards the end of the year of Rome 745, or, according to Varro's chronology, 746. The general opinion, which seems the best founded, is, that the death of Mæcenas, preceded that of Horace; which happened about the seventh of November, in the same year. He had, in the warmth of affection,(*t*) declared he should not survive his illustrious friend; which has led some to suspect, that his death was voluntary. But the shock he must have felt, at such a loss, operating on a declining state of health, will fully account for the accomplishment of the prophecy. By a nuncupative(*u*) will, as the violence of his last illness did not admit of his writing one, he constituted Augustus his heir; a circumstance that strengthens the opinion, that Mæcenas was not then alive; as he would surely, had that been the case, have returned his fortune, to the friend who gave it.

On this friendship, equally honorable to the minister and the poet, we cannot better conclude, than in the words of the learned writer of the Memoirs of Augustus:

A close (*v*)connection, or rather intimacy, between Mæcenas, and the men of genius, was not mere clientship, or the dependency of inferiors on a great patron. We know he made them presents worthy his generosity; and employed his all powerful interest with the prince, to do them services, which they had the modest dignity not to ask. But it was a just sense of their worth, on his part, and a sincere personal attachment on their's, that first created, and then kept up, the mutual friendship. It was not, therefore, *the great minister*, it was the *amiable man*, that Horace loved, and loved to his death: nor was it merely the elegant poet, that Mæcenas admired in Horace, it was the firm friend, the accomplished gentleman, the agreeable companion, whom, as his last care, he recommended with his dying breath, to his master:—*Treat Horatius Flaccus as you would myself.*(*w*)

He was buried,(*x*) do doubt at his own desire, in the gardens, and near the tomb of his beloved friend and patron.

The person of Horace, was short and corpulent;(*y*) his temper is described by himself, as irascible, and placable; his disposition appears to have been cheerful and social: yet, generally speaking, temperate and virtuous, for the age he lived in, and the philosophy he professed. Above all, his contempt of riches and splendour, when he might have easily commanded both, shews that he had a mind, not to be corrupted by good fortune. His unaffected, and liberal attachment to his patron, so different from the fawning servility of a sycophant; and his benevolence to his friends,(*z*) who had less interest than himsetf, do as much honour to the feelings of his heart, as his admirable writings have done, to the vigour and elegance of his mind.

On his poetical character, it is not easy to add any thing to the praises, which every admirer of classical composition, has heaped on his memory. The term used by Petronius, to characterize his singular happiness of expresson, *curiosa felicitas*, has the merit of being itself, what it describes. Into how many volumes has this short panegyric been dilated. How many critics have sprung from the ashes of a single poet? Yet we cannot, perhaps, even now, trace every source of the pleasure we experience from his writings; and our enquiries will end in the confession, that the beauties of Horace, are less seen than felt.

(*o*) Blackwell's memoirs of Augustus, vol. 2. p. 435.
(*p*) See the old life of Horace ascribed to Suetonius.
(*q*) Epist. i. lib. ii. (*r*) Sueton. (*s*) Quibusdam perpetua febris est, ut Cilnio Mæcenati. Plin. lib. vii. sect. 52.
(*t*) Ode xvii. lib. ii. (*u*) Life of Horace, by Suetonius.

(*v*) Vol. 3. p. 462, &c.
The union between Horace and Mæcenas was such as subsisted between my Lord Bolingbroke and Dean Swift, or rather between Lord Grosvenor and William Gifford. This is the lofty and liberal connexion between Wealth and Power and Genius, where the first extend protection without requiring the suit and service of a vassal, and where the last receives patronage, without acting as a sycophant, or suffering as a slave. Note by the Editor.
(*w*) After the sentence, last cited, in which Dr. Blackwell rightly, as it should seem, takes the word *extremis*, in Suetonius, to mean the *last moments*, and not the *last will*, of Mæcenas, one is surprised to see, a few lines afterwards, an assertion that Horace died first. The writer of this life inclines much to the general opinion, against that of Sanadon; but it would be tiresome, to most readers, to go into the discussion. (*x*) Suetonius. (*y*) ibid.
(*z*) See his admirable epistle to Claudius, recommending Septimius.

LEVITY.

[The following article appeared some time since, in the *Palladium*." Its just satire, entitles it to the perusa- of our readers, who despise all the chiefs and partil zans of democracy.]

MESSRS. YOUNG AND MINNS,

I send you an extract from a farce, called "Virginia Patriotism," for publication; should you be inclined to waste any ink, upon such a subject. The *whole work*, is altogether edifying and amusing. QUIZ.

SCENE I.

[Scene drawing, discovers Fraternal, a Virginia planter, carelessly lolling on a sofa, clad in a light and thin dress, and attended by slaves; who obsequiously cringe round him, and try to divine all his desires and wishes. After musing, and sipping his toddy a while, he breaks silence in the following words.]

Fraternal. Well, this glorious election of our friend Jefferson, to the presidency, gives me the greatest pleasure, and absolutely makes me forget the low price of tobacco. A Virginian—he will promote the interests of *Virginia*; a republican—he will foster with a kind care, every republican institution. The beef and the fish of *New-England*, may browse in the pastures, or swim in the ocean, for us, so tobacco be but in demand. We may now take our naps in peace, and be confident that every thing goes right, instead of going wrong, as every thing did in Adams' administration. Away fellows! (*to his attendants, who immediately obey him.*) Let me see (*yawning*) what have I to do this week. A cock pit to attend on Sunday, a race on Monday, and a county-meeting on the day following: So, so, pretty well i'faith for three days. Cuff, come hither rascal! are my new steel gaffles cleaned.

Cuff. Yessee, massa, dey be all crean and bright—de blood be all washee off.

Fra. And the bay fllly, that won the last sweepstakes—is she in good case.

Cuff. Yessee, massa.

Fra. Leave me. Now I think on't, I'll read over the extempore speech which I am to make next week, that I may fix it strongly in my memory. One can't be too careful in such matters. Now for't—(*taking up a paper, and placing himself in an oratorical situation, he reads:*) "It was, my fellow citizens, beyond the utmost stretch of my capacity, to let the convenient opportunity of this meeting, pass into oblivion, without giving vent to the fullness of my head and heart, in an address, congratulatory of Mr. Jefferson's "*resplendently glorious*" election, and explanatory of the ineffably happy consequences that will result, or flow, or proceed from his said election. Yes! the Democratic Cock has *cut* the Federal Eagle *through the eyes*; John Adams is *done up*; and we have now no more to dread—but the insurrection of our own slaves, instigated by the machinations of a new Gabriel. The New-Englanders, who drive the harpoon under both poles, coast along the north-western shore of America, and in short, do things that absolutely set me into as copious *a wash*, as ever wet *our General's* shirt, or sent forth odours from the shining hide of a negro at work in a swamp—The New-Englanders, I say, will now be made to know their place, and to follow the councils of their elder sister. Ships will be converted into farm houses, and sailors into husbandmen. Oh, divine, solacing, beneficent, convenient Spirit of freedom, it is thou that producest these desirable effects! We are all free, we are all equal. Thy great modern apostle, the illustrious, the wonderful, the never to be forgottten Jefferson, has clearly proved that this is a *self-evident truth*—All men have an *unalienable right to*"—(*here a black enters, and accidentally stumbling, strikes the extended arm of the patriotical speaker, and knocks the paper from his hand—which last kicks and beats him most unmercifully.*) Oh you idle, impertinent, blundering scoundrel—to break in upon me thus, when I had arrived at the most interesting, eloquent, and pathetic part of my speech, at the very instant when I was going to demonstrate the equality of all men, of what

rank, station, and talents soever! To be interrupted in this manner! 'Tis insufferable; (*still kicks and beats him*) villain, you shall be tied up and well whipped for this.

Black. Oh, massa, I no do so purpose, massa—I no do so gen, massa.

Fra. Hold your cursed bawling, slave. Here was I gradually brought up to the right pitch of feeling, my heart expanded with philanthropy, and my voice was modelled to the sweetest tone, when your—Oh rascal, I'll thrash you, I'll—(*The negro runs out, and the master follows him, beating him continually.*)

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Continuation of the History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, from the year 1748, to 1765:—with an introductory sketch of events from its original settlement.—By George Richards Minot, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. VOL. II. Boston, printed for James White and Co. proprietors, by Manning and Loring, June, 1803.

It has often been asserted, and more than one historian of the American revolution has represented, that the original cause of the dissensions which separated the British colonies in this country from Great Britain, was the stamp act, and the system of internal taxation, connected with that memorable statute.—But, as the physicians inform us, that when our malignant fevers rage, there is always a concurrence of many previous causes which predispose the habit of body for the reception of the disease; so at the eve of that great national convulsion, many other important circumstances combined by a two-fold operation, to produce the system of taxing America, in England, and to make that system fatal to the union of the two countries. Some of these are subjects of Mr. Minot's narrative and reflections in the chapters 4 and 5 of this volume. The administration of Sir Francis Bernard commences with them; and "it stands (says he) amongst the most interesting periods of American history. It was contrasted with that of his predecessor, as much by the prosperous state of public affairs at its commencement, as by the distracted and unhappy condition of the people at its termination. It was the confine of a new order of things." These just remarks are followed by a short exposition of the speculative reasonings which might impeach or justify the policy of the British government, in removing, by the expulsion of the French from every part of North America, the security as well as the danger, which accrued to the British government, by the neighbourhood of a formidable and rival power, bordering upon their settlements on this continent. That the danger was not unforeseen, is certain; for Hume in his history, expressly tells us, that the final independence of the colonies, which we have seen realized, was predicted, at their first settlement. But Hume himself, who wrote less than thirty years before the accomplishment of this prophecy, awards the palm of superior foresight to those who maintained the opposite opinion; and certainly when we consider that the confidence of Britain rested upon the established principle of allowing the colonies no organized or naval military force of their own, and upon the dissentions and animosities, which seemed an insuperable obstacle to the union of the colonies among themselves, we shall be cautious in condemning the policy, which proscribed the power of France from all footing in North America, even now, when the event has proved the other calculations upon which the British statesmen relied to have been erroneous.

If, however, the dependence of Britain, for the support of her transatlantic supremacy, was, rather upon the weakness and divisions of the governed than upon her own strength, it will be difficult to account for the infatuation of her councils, in broaching, just at the moment when every danger of a French conquest was effectually removed from her colonies, a system of taxation, which struck at the root of her liberties. Had the genius of France herself, in the deepest refinements of her subtlety, and in the sharpest ranklings of revenge, presided in the British cabinet, she could not have suggested a system so fraught with union and energy to the colonies, and of course so infallibly destructive to the foundations of the British dominion in this hemisphere.

The stamp act was not, however, the first measure in which the adoption of this system was discovered. It appeared very soon after the commencement of Governor Bernard's administration—as early as the year 1761. The heats which after the peace, kindled into so fierce a conflagration, began even then to smoke, in the contentions between the British Custom House, and government on one part, and the merchants and legislature of the Province, on the other. Mr. Minot tells us, that "There had long existed in the Province, a division between the advocates for the crown, and the defenders of popular rights."—And that, "a rooted aversion subsisted between the officers of the customs in the port of Boston, and the people concerned in the foreign trade of the Province." It was natural, in these differences, for the popular leaders, and the provincial legislature, chosen by the people, to take the part of their constituents; and for executive officers, appointed by the crown, to espouse the cause of the prerogative. The custom-house officers, were extremely rigorous, in prosecuting for all forfeitures, incurred under the acts of trade:—but one third of those forfeitures, was by act of parliament, to go into the treasury of the province; and the prosecutors, were so far from taking care, to comply with this part of the law, that they generally contrived to absorb it all in allowances, to informers, and charges of prosecution.

The general court, finding, upon inquiry, that in six specific cases of this sort, the province had been defrauded of a considerable sum, passed a resolve, authorising the treasurer to sue for it.—This, the Governor, first negatived; and after discussion, reluctantly assented to. The action was brought, and maintained by a verdict in the inferior court, but dismissed on a plea in abatement, in the superior court; on the ground of their incompetency to controvert allowances made by decisions of the court of admiralty. Here the custom-house was triumphant:—But not content with this victory, one of the officers soon after petitioned the superior court, for the more summary aid of writs, similar to those which issue from the court of exchequer in England, to assist the revenue officers in performing their duty of collection, and which are therefore called *writs of assistance.* This gave authority to the officers themselves, to enter and search dwelling houses, as well as warehouses, in search of their plunder. It was unlimited, in point of time; not being returnable. It was transferrable, by indorsement, from one officer to another: and it had all the inconveniencies of a general warrant. Well might the Demosthenes of New-England, James Otis, in his argument to the court, which Mr. Minot has preserved, from manuscript minutes, taken at the bar, pronounce it "the worst instrument of arbitrary power, the most destructive of English liberty, and the fundamental principles of law, that ever was found in an English law book." But this was not one of the cases, in which eloquence, or argument, could avail. The writ of assistance was granted; the thorn was left unextracted, and other irritations were soon added, until the wound had festered into dangerous inflamation, even before the financeering project of George Grenville, had ripened to the stamp act.

Among the various occurrences, which in times of tranquillity and good humour, would scarcely have furnished the materials for a debate, but which, in the temper thus rising to animosity, became the subject of angry contention, was the employment by the Governor, of an armed sloop belonging to the province, on a service of public utility; but at some expence, unprovided for by the general court, which they not only refused to make good, but resented, as an encroachment upon their rights. As this subject also involved the important principles with regard to taxation, it will be proper to give the statement, as it appears in the narration of Mr. Minot.

In July 1762, an alarm had been occasioned, through the colonies, by the landing of some French troops, in Newfoundland, where they had taken possession of the bay of Bulls. "During this alarm, the merchants of Salem and Marblehead, apprehensive for the safety of their shipping, requested the governor to afford them protection, when employed in fishing on the coasts of Nova-Scotia. The measures taken, in consequence of this application, produced a debate between the governor, and the house of representatives, which serves to shew the degree of jealousy which they entertained of his prerogative, and perhaps of his disposition; and in this view, the whole proceedings are deserving of detail. The provincial frigate, being at this time on a cruise, the governor thought it expedient, after obtaining the advice of the council, to fit out the armed sloop, then just returned from Penobscot, with fifty men, and send her to the Gut of Causo; where she cruised for about a month, and encouraged the vessels, which were there, to remain and complete their fares. The usual number of men for this sloop, was necessary to be augmented; and the general court, not being in session, the governor, with advice of council, undertook to do this, as well as to make an establishment for their pay; and the expence of the cruise, was drawn for upon the appropriation for armed vessels. When the sloop returned, he made application to the general court, to provide for the continuance of her complement of men, for a longer time, than they were engaged for; instead of which, after observing that there was not the least necessity for it, they remonstrated against the making, or increasing, of establishments, by the governor and council; that it was in effect, taking from the house of representatives, their most darling privilege, the right of originating all taxes, and annihilating one branch of the legislature; and when once given up (which no necessity would justify them in doing) the government would become arbitrary; that they might not have troubled the governor about this affair, had it been the first instance of the kind; but lest it should grow into a precedent, they besought his excellency, as he regarded the peace, and welfare of the province, that no measures of that nature might be taken for the future, let the advice of the council be what it might.

The temper, displayed in this remonstrance, was quite as warm, as the occasion would warrant; but when first presented to the governor, it contained the following observation—"for it would be of little consequence to the people,

whether they were subject to George or Louis, the king of Great Britain, or the French king, if both were arbitrary, as both would be, if both could levy taxes without parliament." The passage was expunged, at the governor's earnest entreaty, on his sending back the message, with a pointed objection, against the manner, in which the king's name was introduced. To the remainder of the answer, the governor replied, by a formal indication; on sending which, to prevent a rejoinder, he immediately prorogued the general court. They however, appointed a committee, to prepare one in the recess; which they presented at the opening of their next session. The irregularity of this proceeding, in point of form, gave the governor an opportunity to drop the controversy, which he wisely did; and, upon the whole, it is impossible to dissent from the conclusion, that through the whole of this dispute, his conduct was marked with prudence and moderation; while that of the assembly, partook largely, of the passions, which other circumstances had instigated, of captious jealousy, and sullen suspicion. It betokened a spirit, to adopt the happy quotation of one of the Boston orators, so "instinct with fire and nitre,"* as hardly needed such a fire-brand as the stamp act, to produce a fatal explosion.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

Paris, October 9, 1776.

Sir,

I wrote you by last post. This comes by Mr. Carmichael, a gentleman of Maryland, in America, who as for some time he has lived with, and assisted me in my business, you can have the fullest confidence in him, and as he knows I place the most absolute in you, it would be trifling to swell a letter with news or observations, of both which he can, *viva voce*, satisfy you. He will communicate to you his business in Holland, and I am sure you will assist him to the utmost of your power. He can tell you what an anxious and what a laborious life I lead here; and, what adds to my misfortune, how impossible it is in the present critical situation of affairs, for me to quit this post for a single day; much more it is, as yet, impossible for me to leave this long enough to visit you in Holland, which having long promised to myself, and anticipated with pleasure, the disappointment greatly chagrins me. To have so kind and hospitable, and, at the same time, so judicious and sage a friend, inviting me to what must at once yield me the purest of pleasures, and the most solid advantage, viz. an interview, and not to be able to profit by it at once, is a misfortune I feel most sensibly, and which I wish to none, even of the worst of enemies. Mr. Carmichael can give you the best intelligence of our present affairs in America, and his observations and inferences will be from the best grounds, and made with precision and judgment. My most grateful and respectful acknowledgments to your lady, who I yet may have the honour of waiting on, in the course of a month, and I promise not to leave this spot, for any purpose, in preference, (unless to save my country). I have the honour to be, with the greatest esteem, sir, your mostobedient, and very humble servant,

SILAS DEANE.

Paris, October 13, 1776.

Sir,

Before the receipt of this, you will have seen Mr. Carmichael, to whom I refer you on many subjects. Yours of the 8th I received since his departure, and have only to ask of you to procure the proper testimonials of this very extraordinary and cruel proceeding, at H——, respecting Mr. Shoemaker, a family of which name I knew in Philadelphia. These testimonials will be a proper ground to go upon, in demanding satisfaction, which I do not think, however, had best be asked, until the independence of the colonies has been formally announced, and proper powers for this step have been delayed strangely, or, perhaps, interrupted. Your zeal in this cause, reflects honour on your private, as well as public sentiments of justice and rectitude, and I will transmit to the honourable Congress of the United States, in my first letters, a copy of your memoir. I am still without intelligence, of any kind, from America, save that on the 20th of August a battle was hourly expected at New-York—No prospect of reconciliation. The British forces, in Canada, are not likely to effect any thing this season; and, consequently, all hopes, in England, rest on the event of a single action at New-York, which the public are made to believe will prove decisive; and so it may, if the fate of the day should be for us, as the enemy have no retreat, or resources in America; but by no means decisive, if it incline the other way. I trouble you with the inclosed for Mr. Carmichael, that should he not have left you his direction send it, under cover, to Mess. Clifford and Tysett, Amsterdam, to whom he is also addressed.

I am, with the greatest respect,
Your much obliged, and very
Humble servant,

SILAS DEANE.

October 18.

I missed the last post, and since which yours of the 10th is come to hand. By the *critical situation of affairs*, &c. I mean, that, on my part, I am writing for instructions, without which I cannot proceed, and my enemies are insinuating that none will ever be received, and that the colonies mean either to submit, or accommodate, &c.

November 15.

Dear Sir,

The indispensable business of my profession has hitherto prevented me from complying, as I wished, with the desire of your very obliging favours.

You will have seen, by the proceedings of Parliament, how decided the King is in prosecuting this American war. For, in truth, he alone is minister, and his will governs with absolute sway. At the same time, the powers which he has give to Lord Howe, appear, from his declaration in America, to be most ample. That, however, I rather attribute to what is deemed the art of government, than to any pacific or redressing intention. We can never forget the perfidy of making Lord Botetourt declare to the assembly, that the revenue acts should be repealed, when, in fact, no such thing was intended, or done; and the Secretary of State being ordered to tell the agents of congress that his Majesty had received their petition very graciously, and, from the importance of it, would lay it before his two houses of Parliament—when, at the same time, the same secretary wrote, by his Majesty's commands, to all the governors in America, denominating that very congress an illegal meeting, their grievances pretended, or ordering them to prevent their meeting again. These facts are too decisive to leave a doubt of the credit that is due to the promises of this Court; and, at this very time, they are abusing the Howe's for negociating; the language of Court being—'we sent them to use their hands, and they are employing their heads.'

The Rockingham part of the opposition are determined upon seceding from Parliament, in which Lord Shelburne, Lord Camden, and the Duke of Grafton refuse to accompany them for two reasons—1st. because the feelings of the public are not high enough for so decisive a measure, and, 2dly. because the others will not agree to make the great fundamental abuse of the constitution, as well as the temporary misconduct of government, the ground-work of that secession. In a word, because they will not declare that the object of the measure is to obtain the abolition of corruption, and not merely the change of those who minister it. This schism will, however, reduce opposition so, as to leave the court at perfect ease from that quarter.

I thank you for the magnanimity of your sentiments towards our friends, on the supposition that the late occurrences are events of consequence. I am by no means of that opinion. After the affair of Long-Island, the loss of N. York was inevitable; but is not the successful army still faced and kept at bay, by that over which it is supposed to have obtained these decisive advantages? Could any one expect more from a new raised army, than that it should face the disciplined invaders, almost equal in numbers, and so much superior in equipments, to win its way by inches. Where, then, is the ground for despair when our friends are looking the enemy in the face, and he does not dare to attack them? Of two things, sir, you may be satisfied, that the advantage on Long-Island was obtained, neither by the superiority of the troops, nor of the general, but by his having bribed the officer who commanded the first pass, who giving up his post, without suffering a gun to be fired, enabled Clinton to march in the night, and take the left wing of the Americans, so as to put them between two fires, from much superior numbers, with an immense train of artillery. The other fact is, that the officer who brought the last dispatches, declares that the American lines, upon New-York island, cannot be forced, but with a certainty of so much loss, as cannot be hazarded. General Howe will, therefore, try his former art of treachery and corruption, from which alone, I am satisfied, we have any thing to fear.

The talk of the Congress having sent deputies to Staten Island, to negociate with Lord Howe, is not, that I know of, authenticated. Adieu.

A. LEE.

N. B. I can't determine whether the name you desire me to put on the cover is Herman or Sherman, and beg you will give me a fictitious name for yourself.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Sir Wm. Jones, whom no one can have the hardihood to pronounce an enemy to rational freedom, says, what we hope will be remembered and acknowledged as truth, "Our excellent English constitution is kept in its just balance, at that nice point, which is equally removed from the pernicious extremes of republican madness, aristocratical pride, and monarchical folly."

Murphy, the author of Garrick's life, and several excellent dramatic and other works, has obtained from the King a pension of 200l. sterling a year.

Strange as it may appear, Bonaparte's *boots* and *shoes* are made of British Leather. This is the only article of our manufacture, thank heaven! that can be *trampled under foot*. [*London paper.*

In a sale catalogue of books, just published, there is a book entitled "the History of the Devil," printed in *black letter*. [*ib.*

* Quincy's Oration, 4th July, 1798.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RURAL SKETCHES.

Written during the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1802.

SKETCHES—No. IV.

MELANCHOLY.

Come, pensive maid, with tearful, downcast eye,
Meek Melancholy, come!—thy mournful mien,
Thy heaving bosom, and deep swelling sigh,
Clothe, with a solemn shade, the verdant scene.

The ruin'd tower, that, nodding from on high,
Responsive echoes to the hern's shrill cry;
The ancient oak, that many an age has stood,
And cast a deepen'd shadow o'er the flood,
Now leafless stands; and, hastening to decay,
Marks in strong lines Time's devastating sway!

The heap that serves to mark the humble grave,
Where rests some Indian warrior's lifeless clay,
Who years long since rank'd with the young and brave,
And through the desert chas'd his flying prey.

The mouldering pile, where oft the cheerful fire,
Welcom'd the rustic from his daily toil,
Where half clad children ran to meet their sire,
And charm'd fatigue with glad affection's smile.

All—all conspire with Fancy's busy train,
A mournful, pensive feeling to impart,
When Silence holds her sweetly soothing reign,
And solemn Sadness steals o'er all the heart.

LYSANDER.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following beautiful, and highly picturesque poem has never appeared in America. It is, perhaps the best imitation of GOLDSMITH'S manner, in his Deserted Village, and will be read, with delight, by many, beside the officer, or the soldier, who remembers the pains and the pleasures of the tented field.]

THE DISBANDED SUBALTERN.

High o'er the drowsy camp, with sultry gleam,
The mid-day sun now darts his potent beam;
Beneath the shade his canvas scoff supplies,
Stretch'd on clean straw, the listless soldier lies.
The weary files, who form'd the last night's guard,
The sweet embrace of sleep no more debarr'd,
Challenge, in dreams, the wary midnight rounds,
Or catch the watch-word's visionary sounds.
Now some adjust their burnish'd arms with care,
Clean the tough belt, the well-worn coat repair,
And some beguile the sultry length of day
With many a barren joke, or tuneless lay.
In quaint derision of the steady glance
Now moves the steamy soil with mimic dance;
Now languid stillness holds her sullen reign,
O'er the white camp, and far extended plain;
Save where some lad (whom Fate hath doom'd to share
The savoury kitchen's hospitable care,
While the kind toil his reeking brows confess),
Bears to his comrade's tent the welcome mess;
Save that, in yonder pool, which feeds the mill
Close at the bottom of this tent-clad hill,
Their brawny limbs the sun-burnt soldiers lave,
And woo the bracing freshness of the wave.

Some stripling fifer, with discordant sound,
Now breaks the drowsy spell which lurks around;
Now, gliding swift the mazy tents among,
Moves the relief in measur'd steps along;
And now, while yet the fervour of the ray
Forbids the lounger's restless step to stray,
My walls unhung, beneath my old marquee,
I gave the vacant hour, my friend, to thee—
Too soon, alas! pale Peace, with listless smile,
Shall spread her pinions o'er this hapless isle.
While gaping crouds, who mark her hov'ring high,
Shall, with applauding tumults rend the sky.
Not so your friend—with grief oppress'd I see
That peace which smiles on many frown on me,
Damp ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry bliss destroy,
And nip the budding blossom of my joy.

No longer now the well brac'd drum shall cheer
With something less than sixty pounds a year,
For know, my friend, that unrelenting fate
Hath doom'd me to the toil which most I hate.
In me my partial guardians thought they saw
Sufficient sober dullness for the law,
When the gay pomp of battle's proud array,
With charms resistless led my heart away.
Yet still (for, dire effect of pale ey'd Peace!
This darling scene, this lov'd employ shall cease),
From early youth instructed to fulfil
With due respect their well debated will,
The mind rebellious must I frame to bear
This life of apathy, this load of care.

No more the bursting thunder of the gun,
Which marks the moment of the setting sun,
To which bold signal, with suspended hand,
The neat-clad drummers all attentive stand,
Prepar'd, with nicely tim'd address, to beat
The martial honours of the day's retreat,
(While the mix'd sounds in one vast swell combine),
With awful melody shall float along the line.

Rous'd by the brisk reveillez early sound,
No more my steps shall print the dew-clad ground,
To trace the mild approach of sober day,
Skirting yon summit with his mantle grey;
While from the vale, to cheer the doubtful morn,
The light-arm'd trooper winds his bugle horn,
And the disdainful charger, neighing shrill,
His challenge answers, or derides his skill.

Fancy no more, o'er Reason's lost domain,
In native wild, magnificence must reign;
With art which mocks at magic's simple wiles,
Shall deck creation's face with sweeter smiles;
Bid e'en her form unwonted charms advance,
Whose airy substance mocks the vulgar glance;
No more her slave shall own her mystic sway,
And hold it proud distinction to obey.

The cold and cautious eye must now behold,
The grove's rich tints, the field of waving gold,
The quarry pointed, and the fallow grey,
With all the varied landscape's rich array,
Their use with frigid apathy to scan,
Or weigh their profit to laborious man.

Rous'd by the brisk reveillez early sound,
No more my steps shall print the dew-clad ground,
Thro' the dull pane the yellow morn shall peep,
And snatch me grateful from unhallow'd sleep;
When rising stupid from a restless bed,
With all a London fog about my head,
By gales, with kennel filth impregnate, fann'd,
My dreary steps shall trace the twilight strand,
To seek Astrea's fane, whose Gothic gate
Shakes on its hinges at the loud debate,
To take my station at the wrangling bar,
And join the rob'd brigade in learned war.

Farewell the joys which mirth and wine afford,
And all the pleasures of the festive board,
Which to our eager claim the drum devotes
In sage, prescriptive, emblematic* notes.

The clock with four sad solemn strokes shall call
My listless footsteps to yon cold damp hall,
Whose pride-emblazoned windows richly dight,
Exclude the searching glare of tell-tale light,
Whose fretted roof, in intricacy wove,
Pourtrays the labyrinth her inmates love.

Farewell the friendly joke, which half reveal'd
An Ensign's blunder in the morning field,
What nymph's disdain contracts the Major's brow,
Or who accepts the Doctor's useful vow;
Farewell those manners, whose result combin'd
The well-dress'd person with the polish'd mind,
The temperate glass which friendly warmth improves,
The band select, whose known discretion moves
The feeling boy to toast the girl he loves.
Now from the sweets of social converse cast,
While wooden trenchers bear the trist repast,
My frugal mess shall three dull strangers share,
Gazing askant with caution's frigid air.

Can I, my friend, without regret behold
This crimson'd scarlet, and this tarnish'd gold?
E'en now my soul prophetic views the day,
When o'er this heath my partial steps shall stray,
Anxious, in pilgrimage devout, to trace
Each time-worn vestige of this hallow'd place,
And pensive musing, when, perhaps in vain,
I seek this much lov'd spot to ascertain,
Where many an hour has past in social glee,
Where now I give the vacant hour to thee.
To former scenes shall partial memory fly,
And each shall claim the tribute of a sigh.

When former scenes shall rise again to view,
And joys, long past, their flatt'ring forms renew,
Say, shall my soul the jovial march forget,
Or trace its pleasures but with fond regret?

When orient day first glimmers in the skies,
Wak'd by the General's lively call we rise,
And, while with active vigour we prepare
To breast the keenness of the morning air,
The sun-burnt soldier, at an ale-house door,
Pays from his scanty purse his last night's score,
And, as his host a parting draught bestows,
The cumb'rous belt o'er his broad shoulder throws,
Adjusts his knapsack, shakes his landlord's hand,
His musket grasps, and takes his silent stand.

Now to the martial band's enliv'ning sound,
In duly measur'd steps we beat the ground;
But not unmindful of the window's height,
Which courts on either side the glancing sight,
We pass along—for there, all unarray'd,
Sweet as the morn, appears the lovely maid;
The well adjusted curtain half reveals
Those charms which yet no cruel robe conceals,
For at the drum's rude sound she left her bed,
By punctual love, or idle fancy led;
Perhaps her eyes, with vacant pleasure stray
O'er the long files, in martial splendour gay;
Perhaps she seeks, repentant to renew,
With kinder token, the last night's adieu.

Up the steep hill, or thro' the drizzly grove,
Or clayey vale, with sturdy step we move,
While jocund, as the party winds along,
Bursts the loud laugh, or swells the cheerful song.

(To be Continued.)

* Emblematic—The respectable tunes of "Roast Beef, Peas upon a Trencher," &c. have been, time out of mind, beat as the call to dinner.

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